Dec 1921

Hogarth 9th March 1922

My Violet,

Alas! we're in the midst, or rather beginning, of a domestic crisis - both maids down with German measles, & no char will come for fear of infection, so Leonard carries the trays & I do the beds. I think anyhow I'd better not come, as at any moment we may break into rashes ourselves. What a d-d bore! Ask me again sometime. & give my love to Walter Gram.

Yr VW.

July 12
1922

Hafod Uchtryd,
Llandrindod.

My Violet

Alas! I have been in bed with influenza for the last 5 weeks, & have to stay here at present as my heart is invalided temporarily. If I shall be able to lunch with you; but that no reason why you shouldn't come to tea with me. No infection is left; only this [illegible] able organ, always [illegible] my care as you know, so warm & loving.

jumps by night, & fuss me on right temps.
Creature!

Only two days ago Nelly the Cook
said why doesn't the tall lady
whom we like so much come &
fetch her marmalade?
There it is waiting for her.

Leonard sends his love.
We have just bought a new
press a new type & keep
our partner busy in
the larder, which has been
turned into a printing shop.

NYPL

Yours
Jp:

March 1 1922

Hogarth. Richmond.

My Violet,

The Dr. was a very nice man, but rather severe — Went to see Cut till next week, & we Anastat go to Italy in April as We had planned. What a Curse it is! He said that my old intermittent pulse had rather tired my heart, & the influenza has made this worse. & he wants me not to walk up hill until this has got normal. The temp. is influenza temp. en, but it is so low that it doesn't matter

Savage Gloves always made out
that an intermittent pulse didn't
matter — What is a 'marmar'? —
I don't know: but I gather it's not
a thing that matters in the least.

I wish you would give a fuller
account of the wedding.

NYPL

I see I am writing nonsense, but
that is the result of talking to a
Dressmaker.

Please tell me why P. Mary
married Ld. Lascelles: what is his
Character; & hers: do they share the same
bed; did you believe in the ceremony:
I wish you wd. write this out, & we
will print it. The question is whether
the Royal family can still be taken
seriously — my maids were sceptical.

Yrs ever
VW

March 10th. 1922

Hogarth House
Richmond.

Thursday.

My Violet,

(Please excuse what seems to be the last piece of paper in this room)

It fills me with compunction to think that it takes you an hour each way: & then you only get cold buttered bun: but you must count in the pleasure it gives your Sexton, & intimate. And then you have sprinkled flags on the mantelpiece. However, this is a letter of business. We want to know whether there is any chance that you would let us print the Miss Eden letters which were not included in your book — what we want is that you should

(This side of the paper is even dirtier than the other)

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write <u>notes</u> & an introduction. Surely this might be possible? We have never done anything of the kind. Besides, if they are as good as the other, we should take them. Also we are probably entering into alliance with a real printer, who prints beautifully.

I daresay this suggestion is foolish & NYP. unwelcome to you. If so, don't bother to answer.

I should so much enjoy a long & intimate gossip with you; uninterrupted; hot buns; — but as I say, I'm afflicted to imagine that 2 hours are needed to bring you.

There seems some hope that Lothie won't need an operation, but nothing is yet settled.

Yrs
V.

March 30th 22

Hogarth.

Thursday.

My Violet

(Please figure note paper)

We are now waiting for Lottie to go to the hospital, & we have a very volubble Chas, & Evryone is rather distracted, & Partridge has gone to Spain, & we have a great deal of work to do. Countess Tolstoi has written an anti biography which Leonard is translating: Dostoevsky has written 2 new chapters to the Possessed which Jan is translating. If all goes well, we may retire to Redmell next week for a time. I get about more, & don't feel so shaky, but can't get rid of this wretched temperature. The Downs will cure me; I wish you were over the hill. You do, I don't wish you actually in my garden, but only over the hill. How you whirl about! & shall you have whirled to Welwyn by the time we're back?

Love ash tray mutely receiving my ashes.

Now write again; & don't let the dust of Mayfair deal our ancient friendship.

Yr. Sp.

What am I to do with this press cutting?

I do hate to be classed with Mrs Clifford. At the same time a little praise, being my father's daughter, pleases